

73
Moon-shine,

OR THE
RESTORATION

OF

FEWS-TRUMPS

AND

BAGPIPES.

Being

An Answer to Dr. R. Wild's Letter,
and his *Poetica Licentia*, &c.

Cynthia aurem vellit.

L O N D O N :

Printed for *Walter Kettilby*, at the Bishops-
Head in St. Paul's Church-Yard, 1697.

BRACED

118

and his office
Answer to Dr. J. H. H. H.

Chapman and Co. Ltd.

NO. 6710

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

AN
ANSWER
TO
Dr Wild's
LETTER, &c.

Doctor,
With as many *Faces*, and as
much Pain as ever Tooth
was drawn, I made shift
a while ago to wade through a most
vile and dirty *Pamphlet* of yours with
this Title: *A Letter from Dr. Robert
Wild upon occasion of his Majesties De-
claration for Liberty of Conscience, to-
gether with his Poetica Licentia, &c.*
Which *Pamphlet* I found all the way
pretending to most extraordinary Joy

A 2 and

and Thanks; but of such a *wirless* and *slovenly* kind, that, could His Majesty have possibly imagined that his Clemency could have been so *saucily* abused, and his kindness so *nastily* and *Sirreverentially* received, most certainly Robert had been as particularly excepted from the benefit of the *Declaration*, as Hugh and some others were, from the *Act of Oblivion*. And my business, Dr. at present is only to acquaint you, that though *Poetica Licentia* jingles very prettily with *Liberty of Conscience*, yet that *Poetica* is never Latin for *Conscience*, nor *Licentia* for any such *ill manners* as you at large shew, both in your *Letter* and *Poem*. And, that I may in your own stile convey my meaning the easier into your belly, I am to tell you, that when you went about to confound the one with the other, you were as absolutely mistaken, as he that took a *Glister pipe* for a *Flageolet*, or the *Intestinum rectum* for the great Artery.

And in the first place I observe, that before you signifie your receiving the news of the *Declaration*, you would
fain

fain delude the *Friend* you write to, into a fit of laughter, by the mere *dull* jest of telling him that *you are a merry Fellow*. For when you go about to tickle him up to a belief of it, with such deadly *old* and *small* Provocations as of *hanging your harp upon the Willows*, and *singing lachrymæ instead of the songs of Sion*; of *laughing at a feather*, especially, O especially, if it be upon a *Fool's Cap*; of being as merry as the old *Sect of Crickets*, though after a *baking*, yea verily though after a *baking*; or at the *Chimney-men themselves*, who are a new *Sect of Crickets*, at some certain times of the year: nay, though for the better disguise you split an ancient abuse, and call the *Bishop of Bristol*, *Cock* in one line, and *comb* in another; yet I durst boldly say, that if your *Friend* has but the least share of Wit, or any fence of Conscience, he can no more laugh at such overworn and tatter'd stuff, than if he should find his house all in flames, and his Wife and Children hung up in seniority.

A 3

And

And as thou settest forth with such a Niggardlines of Wit, that it is great Impudence in thee to presume, that the most easie of thy *Non-conforming Friends* should smile at it: so thou as saucily proceedest, comparing the grave and solemn *Musick* of our Church, to a *Whistle, Bagpipe* and *Jews-trump*. Which, if thou hadst done with Wit answerable to its Insolence, much Time and long Repentance might perhaps have brought thee off: but to say that *the Whistling of a Bodies-maker is every whit as good and Elevating as a Salisbury Anthem*, and that *a Bag-pipe does far excel the Organ at Hackney*, and to give no better reason but only that thy *Sowfes* are not made of *Silk*, is so very rude and unpardonable, that seeing thou wert not *excepted*, thou dost now deserve to be *excommunicated* out of the *Toleration* it self.

For, let us a little consider, Doctor; is there not an *Organ* in the *King's Chappel*, as well as at *Hackney*? and are not *Anthems* sung there, as well as at *Salisbury*? and has not His
Majesty

Majesty told thee in his *Declaration*, that 'tis his expresse Resolution and Intention that the *Church of England* be preserv'd in its *Doctrine, Discipline* and *Government*: and whoever preaches *seditionously*, or to the *Derogation* thereof, must expect severely to be punished? Suppose such a thing as this should be objected to thee: I am confident thou hast nothing in the world to say, but only what thou would'st have impos'd upon thy *Friend* in the beginning, *viz.* That *Robin* is a merry *Fellow*, an absolute *Cricket*, a meer *Wagg*, a *Droll*, and a most accurate splitter of a *Prelatical Cock's-comb*. But, thou that pretendest to dance on the *high Rope*, to soar aloft, and clip Clouds, thou must not cheat thy self and think that such *crawling Humours* as these will excuse thy Rudeness. For although His *Majesty* of Tenderness and Compassion to such *weakly Subjects* as thy self, has graciously condescended, that, answerably to your stile and matter, you shall be indulged either the liberty of a pair of *Tongs*, to play you to perch

A 4

upon

upon a *Plum tree*, and from thence to distribute; or to be squeak'd up the *Hay-loft* with a *Comb* and *Paper*, and there to float and spread it over a *Beam*; yer I suppose he never did design to give over the *Musicians* of his *Chappel*, either to *Dutch* or *Devil*, in compliance with thy elegant Advice from the two *D's*, nor to send for thy *blind Piper*, *Jews-trumper* or *neighbouring Bodies-maker*, to whistle up his *Bishops* and *Chaplains* when they preach before him. Upon my word, **Dr. Robert Wild**, if one of you three will but read over the *Declaration*, you will find you are all most vilely mistaken.

The small feather'd and cricket-like *Preface* being thus finished, and the *Doctor* having made therewith no Creature in the world merry, besides himself: it is high time for him now to leave the *Frying-Pan*, and the *Four Herrings*, and to attend the *Post-boy*, who blew his *Horn* and *Toleration*. But why in such haste, good *Doctor*? what, listen to a *Horn* before the *Orthodox Exercise of Eating and Drinking*?

ing? especially at an hour when the *Maw stretches and yawns*, and makes humble request for *Viſtuals*? how, ſo cruel as to forſake four penſive diſconſolate Herrings; when your own Conſcience flew in your face, and told you that they had lately been in very great diſtreſs, and in as ſad a *pickle* as the *Dutch Fleet* the week before? How, ſo careleſs of your *Family*, as to give over your *Wife* and *Maid* to the cruelty of four hisſing ſputtering outrageous *Herrings*? Suppose one of the ſtoutest and moſt diſcontented of 'em had made a *violent digreſſion* out of the *Frying-Pan*, and ſtruck up your *Maids* heels, and in your abſence had ſwallowed your *Wife*, head, ſhoulders and all. (As the great *Pike* at *Bosco*, that on a ſudden ran away from the *Pound* and his *Keepers*, and in a trice devoured a whole flock of *Sheep*.) Suppose, I ſay, any ſuch calamity had happen'd in the *Family* by your neglect: would it not have prick'd you ſorely to have left the houſe in ſuch Tumult and Diſorder? I, I, you, you are the men that

that have got the *Conscience* of the whole *Nation*: that pretend to such *Curiosity* and *Neatness* of *Conscience*, and yet make nothing to leave a poor helpless Wife and but one Maid to the fury and insolence of four dissatisfied and devouring *Herrings*: and only upon that quibbling Pretence, forsooth, that *you had other Fish to fry*. Come, come, *Doctor*, deceive not your self with such loose Principles. You may pretend to as much tenderness of *Conscience* as you will; but I am afraid if you had had four *Cormorants*, or four *Eagles* for dinner, the case would have been the same; for you would either have had other *Birds* to look after, or other *Fish to fry*, or some such *Conscience-palliating Excuse*.

But I shall leave you to consider of this unanswerable neglect at your Leisure; and we'll go on, if you please, to the very *Declaration* it self. But before we read it, that our Joy may be *gradual* and *solemn*; and that not the least Expression of Thanks and Mirth may be wanting to so great an occasion, let us
droll,

*droll, flash, and be a little phanſſful up-
on the very Paper it ſelf: which being
clipt for the better lying in the Letter,
affords four absolute new merry Con-
ceits. Firſt, the Declaration thus ſhorn
is like a Round-head; the reaſon of that
is plain becauſe of Aquarius. Second-
ly, 'tis like an Amſterdam Divine: that
alſo is as plain becauſe of Sagittarius.
Thirdly, 'tis like an officiating Eriar;
upon the account of the Bull's right Eye.
Fourthly, 'tis unlike Clipping of Money;
upon ſome other account.*

Having thus bedabbl'd the outside of
the Declaration with four ſuch demy
delicate Phanſies: now Dr. we'll ſet on
and fall to reading. But not rudely and
unſanctifiedly, but with that ſhort
Ejaculation of the Antients, S. George
for England. Or as one of the *Latins*
renders it, *Cynthus aurem vellit*. Bu-
chan. Jac. Presb. And the Grace being
ended, we venture now upon the
Title of the Book. *His Majeſties De-
claration to all his Loving Subjects,
March 15. 1671.* "What, to all his
Loving Subjects! this is joy indeed!
"However

“However I am sure His Majesty means
“me in a most special manner: for I
“have a soul as white and spotless
“towards the *King*, as any *Lawn* in
“*England*; and I do and will love the
“*King* with any *Church-man* of them,
“all, for a thousand pounds. A *Prelati-*
“*cal* man love the *King*! that’s a frolick
“indeed. Where’s any one of them
“that in obedience to the *Act of Uni-*
“*formity*, presently laid down a plump
“*Parsonage* as I did, and suffered ever
“since for His Majesty. And (if I
“may be so bold) how came His
“Majesty, I pray, into *England*? who
“was it that invited him hither, and
“settled him in his *Throne*? did not
“George and I do all that business?
“He and his *Forces* undertaking for
“the *Prose Part* of his Restoration:
“and I, with my *Muses* undertaking
“for the *Poetick*? I tell thee *Doctor*,
thou swaggerest much what a loyal,
white, spotless *Lawn Soul* thou hast to-
wards His Majesty: but he that shall
torture himself so much as to look
over thy late *Letter* and *Poem*, will
presently

presently perceive so much of *Coarseness, Greasiness* and *Nastiness*, that he'll think thy Soul much more like that same *Presbyterian Horse-cloth* thou speakest of, than any *Lawn* or *Tiffany*.

The *Title* being thus dispatch'd, and the Clemency of His *Majesty* being justly compared to that of *Cyrus* to the *Jews*, or *Constantine* to the oppressed *Christians*, or as the welcome *Dove* to the water-beaten *Ark*, (as if the *Doctor* and two or three of his *Cricketts* were the *only* people of *God*, and had bespoken all *Christianity*, and taken up every inch of the *Ark*,) we go next to the *Date* of the *Declaration*; which happening to be upon the fifteenth of *March*, ought to be most solemnly commemorated; partly by way of *Panegyrick*, and partly by way of *Wonderment*. In *Panegyrick* thus: "O thou
"fifteenth of *March*! be thou and the
"four *salt herrings* for ever *Chronicled*
"and extolled. It is a thousand pities
"that thou art already engaged to be
"the fifteenth of *March*; for if thou
"hadst thy right and due, thou dost as

“ certainly deserve to be the first day of
“ *January*, as a quart of *milk* is worth a
“ *peny*. It is my request and wish that
“ thou be acquainted with the twenty
“ ninth of *May* : and seeing thou art de-
“ creed to be the fifteenth of *March*, be
“ thou however kind to the fifth of *Nov-*
“ *ember* : for five and ten make fifteen.
“ But as for the twenty fourth of *Aug-*
“ *ust* and the thirtieth of *January*, hold
“ no correspondence with them; for
“ upon the one I lost my living; and
“ upon the other the *King* lost his *head* :
“ which by all the *people* of *God*, good
“ *Christians* and *Ark-holders* ought to be
“ utterly forgotten. Now for *Wonder-*
“ *ment*. “ How ! what, the fifteenth of
“ *March* bring forth such news as this ?
“ can *Mercy*, *Truth* and *Peace*, long
“ *Preaching* and *Praying* be restored
“ again in *March* ; can such heavenly
“ and elevating *Musick* as *Bagpipes* and
“ *Whistles* and *Jews-trumps* be brought
“ home to an unsettled Nation in the
“ month of *March* ? can such a big-
“ bellied, Dutch-bellied, blundering
“ blunderbuz month as *March*, that
“ feeds

" feeds wholly upon *white Pease-Pot-*
 " *tage* and *Dumplings*; afford any
 " such blessing to the *Israel of God*? Grey
 " *Pease* indeed have somewhat of Fa-
 " therliness, Clemency and Compassion
 " for a *distressed Church* and a *persecu-*
 " *ted People*: but *white Pease*, back'd
 " with perverse, obstinate, and hard
 " hearted *Dumplings* — surely it can-
 " not be! nor ever would have been,
 had it not (as the *Doctor* well obser-
 ves) so handsomely jumped with the
Jewish Feast of Purim on their four-
 teenth and fifteenth of *March*.

The *Date* of the *Declaration* being
 thus sufficiently wondered at: in the
 next place we proceed to the great Be-
 nefits and Advantages of this *Liberty of*
Conscience: which are of such a kind;
 that neither *King* nor *Council* could
 possibly ever guess at or hope for. For
 whereas His *Majesty* expects nothing
 else, but that *silly stubborn* People may
 hereby perceive their Folly and Error,
 and in time be reduced to a *sober* mind,
 and the *Church of England*: the *Doctor*
 holds forth, and declares that this same
Toleration

Toleration (if rightly understood) notwithstanding it came out in the blustering Month of *March*, will have such a vast Influence and Power over *Holland*, that all the *Fish* now at *Amsterdam* (excepting the small *Fry*) will forthwith skip out of the water, and run all away to *London*: and that now, upon *Liberty of Conscience*, 'twill be as common a thing to meet with *Carp*, *Pike*, *Tench*, and *Eel* walking about the streets, as in the days of *Uniformity* to meet with a *Dog* or a *Parter*. But because this looks like too great an alteration on a sudden; therefore it is to be noted that by *Carp* we mean soft and smooth mouth'd *Presbyterians*: by *Pike*, bouncing and devouring *Prelatists* and *Pluralists*: and by *Tench* and *Eel*, muddy and slimy *Opinionists*: and well we may: both because of the *Feast of Purim*, and that the *Evening* and the *Morning* were the fifth day.

And now we are talking of *Ponds* and *Rivers*, of *Prelates*, *Presbyterians*, *Opinionists* and *Fish*; and there being a certain *River* here in *England* call'd
Trent,

Trent, affording only a small quibble (as small as the remaining fry at *Amsterdam*) it may be not amiss to observe, that of all waters the *Papists* delight most in *Trent*. For take a *Papist* and tye him head and heels together, and fling him with a good lusty stone about his neck into the *Thames* or any other *River*, besides *Trent*; and he presently sinks to the bottom, lies sullenly there, and will not feed nor fatten himself at all. But stroak him softly upon the *back*, and put him gently into the *River Trent*, and he's as brisk and frolick as a Mouse in *June*, and in a very short time proves as fat as a *Lamprey with nine eyes*. For, as the *Doctor* well observes, a *Papist* is nothing else but a *Lamprey with nine eyes*. For as *Rome* standing upon seven Hills was called *Septicollis*: so the *Papists* have just *nine eyes*, neither more nor less, and may be thence called *Lampreys*.

Thus far, Dr, you are very airy, smooth and delightful; but, in my opinion, towards the latter end of this Section,

B

on,

on, you are a little too *deep* and somewhat *reserv'd*. Where you leave *frying* of *Fish*, and fall to telling the *Pope* what a great loss he had (upon the *Reformation*.) of the *English Shambles*, of the *English Muttons*, and *English Veals*; and of the *lustly Chines* of *noble Fornicators*, which he us'd to torture, as severely as when they fell into the *cruel clutches* of *King L U E S* or *Morbus Gallicus*. Now, Dr, that which I am horribly puzzl'd at, is this same *King L U E S*. For searching very carefully my *French History*, I can hear no more news of any *King Lues*, than of *King Scorbustus*, or *King Catarthus*. If you had committed these same *Fornicationers* into the *clutches* of *King Pharamond*, *King Dagobert*, or *King Pippin*, I had almost understood you: for I know, that any of those would have *claw'd* the *Rogues* away; especially *King Pippin*, for a certain reason that I know: which I shall not now stand to tell you, but instead thereof tell you a short story out of one of your own *Classical Authors*.

There

There was a man in the *West*, who, being to be tryed for his life; was asked by the *Recorder* his name; who answered *Spillman*. Say you so, quoth the *Recorder*, *Spillman*? 'twill go hard with you, upon my word, friend: for take away *S. P.* and what's your name then *Sirrah*? E'en what your *Worship* pleases, quoth *Spillman*. Come, come, *Sirrah*, you are an old cunning *Rogue*: you have been of the trade ever since you were *born*, and you know it well enough: for take away *S. P.* and 'tis *Illman*: and then *Sirra*, *Sirra*, put but *K* to it and 'tis *Killman*. Take him away *Jaylor*, we need no witnesses in the case: he's a born *Rogue* for his Name has hang'd him.

'Tis good thus far; but what follows is much better and as *Classical*. A while after there came one to be tryed before the *Mayor*, who having learn'd of the *Recorder*, how to hang in his absence, asked the fellow his name; who answered *Wilson*. How now, *Sirrah*, *Wilson*? take away *S. P.* and then 'tis *Illman*, and put *K* to't and then 'tis *Killman*, away with him *Jaylor*. B 2 And

And let thus much serve for *King Lues*. Now we go to the *Minister* of the *Doctor's Parish*: upon whom he has two admirable Remarks. First, his *Parishioners* don't grunt at him. And why? because *he takes no Tythe-Pigs*. Secondly, his *Church* is constantly very full of *Ears*, because his *Barn* has none. Admirably good indeed! have a care, *Dr*, of going into the *West*, for if the *Mayor* meet you, he'll take away *S. P.* for your wit sake. This is *Robin the Cricket*! this is the fruits of *Milk-Pottage*, crumm'd thick, and eat hot! O how it flushes the cheeks, and makes the *Phansie* to glow again! Surely the young *Scholar* that put that handsom Abuse upon *Mr. Eaton*, had got a flush from some such inspiring *Soupe*: for he being at *Mr. Eaton's* house, where there was a *Goose* for *Dinner*, *Mr. Eaton* asked him if he would not eat some *Goose*. The young *Scholar* being a little flush'd, laid upon catch, 'till all was eaten and took away; then says he, I thank you for my good cheer, good *Mr. Eaton*, for I perceive the

the goose is *Eaten*. This Dr, as I well remember, happen'd in the Reign of your King *L U E S*, or immediately after.

And now, Dr, I have very little more to say to your *Letter*; only I cannot but a little delight my self to see what great pains you take to excuse your self to your grave friend for being so *merry* and *witty*. Whereas I'll undertake to fetch an ordinary *Waterman*, and the *Rogue* shall not be assisted at all with any extraordinary *flush*; who (setting aside your *Lachrymæ ad usum Sarum*, and two or three such *Latin Smalnesses*) shall void as many passing and lusty *Jests* between *Temple-stairs* and *Westminster* as are to be found in your whole *Letter*: and I'll not so much as except the *Herrings tail hanging out of your Wife's mouth*. Neither, Dr, must you hope to be pardon'd for overcharging such a very *small* measure of Wit with such a *vast* proportion of Rudeness and Arrogance; by saying that you were infected by reading a late *Dialogue* against *Mr. Hobbs*.

For what if a young conceited *Coxcomb* shall be so pert and confident as to try to invent any thing against *Mr. Hobbs* after so many grave and learned *Confutations* of him: or be so pragmatistical as to crack a few *Lice* upon his head, make a few trivial Jests about his *staff*, and most philosophically confute his *Boots*: can't you see such a *Jackanapes on horse-back*, but presently you must call for a *pilion* and get up behind him; or rather, take a fresh *Hobby horse* (that now is a kind of a *King L V E S*, or a *Robinism*) and ride his *Jackanapeship* quite out of sight? Truly, Dr, although *all the world* (as you say) is so very big with Jests, yet this won't at all serve your turn, neither must you ever expect to see your intolerable Dulness excus'd, by saying that we *Nonconformists* don't go to plays and therefore we can't match their Cocks. For there is a very worthy Person that frequents Plays no more than thy self, whose *Friendly Debates* thou takest thy common Rudeness to compare to the *sputtering of Fish*, or the scolding
at

at *Billingsgate*: whereas 'tis known to all the world, that the same learned *Author* has given more proof of *Sense* and *Wit* in any six lines of his *writings*, than thy *Punning Abilities* will ever give thee leave so much as to understand thy whole Life.

And so farewell, *Doctor*, as to thy *Prose*. Now for *Poetica Licentia*! now for *Liberty of Conscience* in *Rhime*! now, stand by *Gout* and *Sense*, wit and good manners: and let the *Doctor* and his *Muse Mopsa* have a brush at *pro* and *con*. Now stretch forth thy self, my dear one, and be thou transported above all the pedantic *Laws of Poetry* and *Modesty*. Don't sneak now, and like a *Conformist*, utter things that are mean and despicable: but speak *Fire* and *Lightning*, *Fury* and *Raptures*; and let the first mount be within a spit and a stride of the *Moon*. Thou knowest, my *Girl*, that thou hast been clip'd and shortned; thou hast been in bonds and fetters, since the accursed *twenty fourth of August*. But the fif-

teenth of March is now come, my pretty witty Slut: *Liberty of Conscience* is now come: *Poetica Licentia* is come: and the Joy is great, the King is great, and the Bible (by Grandfire Hierarchy's leave) is now again great. And therefore pluck out the half Herring out of thy mouth forthwith, and call together all the Flowers and Phantasies, Puns, and Quibbles, and Clinches in to thy assistance.

Muse. Truly, Dr, this Cup of his Majesty's Favour is so strong and heady, that I can't at present find my Feet; and to go about to make Verse without Feet, is next to going to Foot-ball with ones Shoulders.

Dr, Away, away, with such Uniformity-Excuses: for seeing there's *Liberty of Conscience*, if thou hast no Feet, then fly, my Girl; I say fly into some loftiness and Mightiness of Gratulation.

M. We would make Bonfires, Sir, but that we fear Name of Incendiaries we may hear.

Dr.

Dr. That's most admirably said, my dainty *Mouze*, let *King LUES* with all his *Corneilles*, *Scuderys*, and the rest of his *morbify'd* Wits produce such a Distich: 'tis short, clean and smart. *Bonfires* and *Incendiaries*; *Powder* and *Peace*: *Treason* and *Glory*. *Amen*. And now, my *fine Wench*, for one strain more: let it be seasonable and brisk, and gripe the *Churchmen* for their *tooting Organs* and *ting-tang Preaching*.

M. We would have *Musick* too, but
'twill not do,
For all the Fiddlers are Conformists Too.

I pray, Dr, now let me say a word or two to your *Muse*: and you shall come in again by and by. Have the *Conformists* taken up all the *Musick* and *Fiddles*, my Dear? I am sorry that thou shouldest be so disappointed; for if thou hadst sent to me, I could have furnish'd thee with great Variety: either with grave slow-pac'd *Nonconforming Pavins*, concerning
flowing-

flowing-gushing-full with self-emptiness: or with Sarabands of glittering and glaring Glories: or with querpofricado Figs of Jests and Jingles. And indeed, Mase, thou oughtest to take it very ill, that the Doctor himself was so unkind as not to offer thee out of his own rich Treasure. For he could have shown thee a certain Letter, which he wrote upon the great Fright and Confusion that his Books were in, upon the receiving of Dr. Reynold's Works into his Study: where in my opinion he does far out-fiddle the very famous Sweed himself. For Justin Martyr, he feared he should again be a Martyr; Tertullian began to make Apologies; St. Austin Retractations; and poor devout Bede got into a corner and fell to his Beads. Jee, Bald! Then for the School-men, they all look'd like School-boys: the Fathers having before look'd all like Children. And Aquinas himself wish'd with all his heart he had not had such Sums to reckon for; and Dr. Preston's All-sufficiency pleaded Insufficiency. And which I had like

like to have forgotten, *Cambden's Britannia* ran quite away into the further parts of Germany, and was never heard of to this day. And I don't at all question, but that let the Doctor have but his *common flush*; and his hand is every whit as good at a *Sermon*, as 'tis at a *Letter*. And now, I prethee go on, *Muse*; for I perceive by thy *Lip* that thou hast one strain of *Gratulation* still left.

M. Nor can we Ring, the angry
Church-man swears;

By the King's leave the Bells and Ropes
are theirs.

And let them take them: Yet our
Tongues shall sing

Tour Honour louder than their Clappers
Ring.

Now, Dr, I desire to speak one word
or so to your self: beseeching you out
of all love, that you would take off,
and tye up your *Muse*; for most cer-
tainly, if she goes on thus, I shall
either bepiss my self, or go to the *Groome*
of

of the *Robe*: for she flags so horribly and grows so deadly *dull* and *jadish*, that she is e'en forc'd to steal from *our own self*. For with *Bells* and *Changes*, with *Ringings* and *Clappers*, with *Staples* and *Ropes* you brought in his *Majesty* in your *Iter Boreale*. And now with the very same *Instruments* you *congratulate* the *Toleration*. And besides all this, about 40 years ago, (as you may find it in a most faithful *Historian*) there was one *John Hall* who, being both a *Cap-maker* and a *Sexton*, *died* and *lived* again with just the very same sort of *Phanſie*. He died thus.

*Here lies John Hall, the University-capper;
Who liv'd by the Bell and dy'd by the Clapper.*

And being cruelly mad, that he should be so bespatter'd after his *Death*, he starts up again, after this manner.

John -

John Hall *lives still,*
And lives in hope,
That he shall live by the Bell,
And you shall die by the Rope.

But if, after all this, your Muse has any thing new, I pray speak to her, and let's have it.

Dr. What dost think, *Muse*, of his Majesty's Declaration being a *Trojan Mare* with foal of *Popery*? Thou knowest 'tis but a little way from *Rome* to *Troy*; and if the *Pope* should break pasture — Besides, t'other day, I over-heard the *Gridiron* most horribly grumbling at the *Frying-Pan*.

M. As for the *Popes Supremacy*, alack!
'Tis but the Bunch upon the Camel's back.

The *Lyon's skin* can't hide the *Ass's Lugs*;

We stamp *Popes Faces* on our bearded *Juggs*,

And make no more confuting *Bellar-mine*,

Than taking off the lusty *Ale* or *Wine*.

Dr.

Dr. This Muse of mine is both the most *waggish*, and most *argumentative* Slut, that I ever met withal in my whole life. Six such keen and compacted lines as these, shall most effectually keep out the *Pope*; when he shall make nothing to leap over a thousand dull Pages of your learned *Chillingworths*, grave *Stillingsfleets*, and *Tillotsons*. For most plain it is, and most demonstrative, that, so long as the *Pope* continues to be a *Camel*, he can never with his *Supremacy-bunch* get into the low and narrow gate of *Reformation*. In like manner, so long as we keep to our *Bibles*, and neglect not to paint *Popes Faces*, plentifully and largely upon our *bearded Juggs*; the *Pope* will be hang'd a thousand times over, before ever he'll come hither, to see himself so apparently vilified and affronted. Nay, if he were just now about landing, and any body were but there in readiness to hoise up against him, one of the best sort of these *bearded-Juggs*, he would presently turn tail, and run roaring home

home to *Rome*, as if you had a design to get away his *Maidenhead*. And in the last place, so long as we be carefull to keep *Ale* or *Wine* in the *Kingdom*; and have Spirit and Valour enough to send for a vast *Pitcher*, and say thereunto, oh thou *Dragon*, *Bell* or *Bellarmino*, be thou for ever confounded and as utterly *run down*, as this drink *runs down* my throat, so long I say as this Care be taken, it will be impossible for any of the *Defenders* of the *Church* of *Rome*, ever to spread their *Doctrine* in this Nation.

And therefore as to this, my Muse, thou art certainly in the right. But what dost think of their *Images* and *Musick*; of their *Pyxes* and *Fixes*, and such fine tempting things.

*We all know Popes-head Alley trades
in Toys,
Our Merchants come not thither, but
our Boys.*

Dr.

Dr. Most Divine and Politick!
 O *Lachrymæ*, O *Miserere*! O the Dul-
 ness and Stupidity of *Prelates* and
Church-men, that should go about to
 suspect the Increase of *Popery*, and
 not study to understand the Concern
 and Intrigue of *Popes-head Alley*! Ye
Brethren and *Sisters*, and all that
 have *Bibles*; keep but the *Roman Noses*
 to the grindstone of your *Bibles*, and
 examine your own Consciences, and
 the *History* and traffick of *Popes-*
head Alley, and if ever *Clement* or any
 other *Pope* get footing in *England*, I'll
 give, him and all his *Successors* leave
 to *kiss*——

But dost hear me once more, my
girl; there are some parlous acute
 men among them; and without
 doubt they'll now take all occasion
 to write.

Then I'll *sb* — against them.

*The other day into a place I went,
 Where Mortals use to go that want a
 vent;*

There

*There by the mouth of Purgatory hole,
Where many groan and their hard
case condole ;*

*Saul Cressy's sacred legend I did find,
One Leaf whereof gave ease by break-
ing wind,*

*And wip'd Aspersions from Rome be-
hind.*

*Rare man (cry'd I) worthy to be no less,
Than Groom o'th' stool unto his Holiness.*

Dr. A most easie and compendious way of withstanding, contuting and suppressing *Popery*! For the *Pope* himself, he's to be *faced down*: *Bellermine* to be *drunk down*: and *Cressy* to be *wip'd down*. And therefore I say once again, (and I wish it would enter into the hearts of all cowardly and jealous *Church-men*) that if his *Majesty* will be pleased not to confine me to *set Forms* and *Fashions*, but still to allow me the free use of my whole *Bible*; and that *Costive Saturn* does not seise upon my *Fundament*, and bung up those *hindmost Faculties*, if ever *Popery*

C

get

get one inch further into *England*, let not *Officious Robin* ever go to *stool* again.

But now, Dr, If I were sure that thy *Muse* had wip'd her tail, and that she would not *bedung* me; I would venture to come a little closer to thee, and ask thee: Dost thou think, when his *Majesty* was pleased to suspend the *Execution* of Penal Laws upon such *Offenders* as thy self, that he did then *indulge* such *Simplicity*, such *Rudeness* and *Slovenliness* as thine? Dost think that he intended therein to encourage such *Boyish*, *Barbers*, *High-way* Jests as *Bonfires* and *Incendiaries*, *Musick* and *Fidlers*, *Bells* and *Ropes*; as *Cups* of *Roman* worm-wood, *Trojan* Mares, *Pope-fac'd* Juggs, *Pope's-head* Alley and the like? Such *nasty*, *Kitchen*, *Kennel* Phantries as *Clements* *Podex*, *Purgatory-Hole*, *Aspersions* from *Rome* behind, and groom of the *close-stool*? I prithee, *Robin*, by what *Figure*, or (to speak in thy own *stile*) by what *Constellation*, didst

didst thou take out an O that should have been in the *Rome behind*, and two lines after, put it into the *close-stool*? Didst thou do it by *Aquarius* or *Sagittarius*? It is pity that besides the *Groom* of the *Robe* or *Stole*, that there were not such a *Preferment*, as little *Children* think there is, that thy *Muse Mopsa* might have the *Ell* of *Holland* to make clean her *nasty mouth*.

But to go on, *Doctor*; suppose thy *Doctorship* had so much *childishness*, as to think it witty, to call the *Papists* *Hobgoblins*, *Hobby-horses*, *Huntingdon-Sturgeons*, &c. and to tell the world they need not be afraid of *Papery*; for there being a *Capitol* at *Rome*, the *Papists* are but mere *gagling Ganders*: and if some of them by great study should improve themselves into *Geese*, yet those *Geese* could never *prove Swans*: I say, suppose thy *Doctorship* was thus weak; what hadst thou done with thy *Bible* and *Divinity*, when thou sendest

them to wrestle a Fall with Tiburn, for the price of thy Cow (which phansie, I know as well as can be, thou hadst from the Fellow that dwells at the corner of *Hide park*) and when thou wishest them beside, all head-long crucified? Nay, I'll suppose further, that this also was only *trickish* and *frolicksome*: but then I would earnestly know, Dr, where was thy good *Manners* and *Modesty*; where was the *Loyalty*, *Whiteness*, and *Lawnness* of thy Soul, when thou commendest also the *Bishops* and *Reverend Clergy* of his Majesty's Church to the Gallows: (for he is no Fanatick, nor ever intends to be one, as he tells thee in his Declaration,) when thou callest our *Curates*, *Loggerheads*, and the generality of our *Priests*, *Fidlers*, *Jackdaws*, *Sots* and *Judas's*: when thou tellest them that they wet themselves too much between Meals, to fear any *Smithfield Persecution*; and that they are good for nothing but to drink up
the

the Wine and the Milk; and to take the Beast of Rome by the Tail: (is this a Frolick too?) but, that it is you, and such as you, that live wholly upon Scripture, and Rock-water ten times distill'd, who are to feed and watch, to dig and preach, and to assail Antichrist, and take him by the Horns. Yes, yes, we may guess, Dr, what an Assailant thou art likely to be, and what a dreadful Horn taker! it is five to one, if thou shouldst meet that same Beast in a narrow lane, but that thou wouldst either untruss at him, or bid King Lues and the Devil take him, or else threaten to speak to thy Bodies-maker, to whistle for Sagittarius to come away and shoot him; as he lately did Durham and Gloucester. A most sad Case indeed, Dr! that Wit should be so extraordinary low with thee, that thou shouldst be able to devise nothing else to reproach the best Church in the world, than to abuse two of its Learned and Reverend Prelates for

that common Absurdity of dying at fourscore years of Age.

I might, *Doctor*, had I Patience, take notice also that as thy *Scurrility* it self is so weak and languid, that a very *Cock-sparrow* if offended would *bristle* up and *defy* thee; so thy *Encomiums* and good words are so abominably mean and tedious, that one had better live ten fathom under ground, than be known, and so vilely quibbl'd on. Thus after a most *doggrel* Prayer for the *Duke* of *Lauderdale's* good Journey into *Scotland* (which, had he gone by *Sea*, was almost *doggrel* enough to have cast him away) O thou dost not question but the *Scots* will find his *Grace*, and his *blew Ribband*, true *blew*. My *Lord Clifford's* Soul is to be as white as his *staff*: The *Chancellour of the Exchequer's* word is to go for *currant Money*; and the *Duke of Buckingham* is to keep the *Saddle*, because of the *Horse*. Now I profess, in my opinion, *Doctor*, it would almost tempt a man, neither to have *Name*, nor *Office*; *Money* nor *Cloaths*; neither

neither to do well nor intend well, rather than be obnoxious to such a lewd and ill favour'd *Commender*.

And now, *Doctor*, I have to desire of you, that you would not put your self to so much trouble, as to endeavour to excuse the Meanness of what you have lately written; either by saying that since the days of *prosperous Presbytery* you wanted a *glass of Wine after Dinner*, or that you were out of *Humour*, or that your *Parts* are much shatter'd with these ten last years *Persecution*: but rather that you and your *Friends* would submit to the *common Report and Opinion*; and believe that you *never had* any, nor possibly *ever can have* any *Wit* at all; notwithstanding you have a whole *Book* full of *printed Poems*, and that there can scarce be a *Bull baiting*, but you begin presently to *muster*: I say (notwithstanding all this great readiness to *rhime*) before we parted, I thought fit plainly to acquaint you, that he that shall either look into the *History* of your *Life* (which is very

near ready for the *Preß*) or into the *History* of your *Poetry*, (which also will be shortly out) will easily perceive that your *Wit* is not at all wasted by *Gout*, *Old Age*, *Tribulation* for *Conscience* sake, or the like; but that you *never had* any in your *whole Life*, neither did any body ever think so, but such as ran the hazard of printing your *Doggrels*. And therefore I desire, *Doctor*, you would consider that it is not a sufficient stock for a *Poet*, to set up only with the *Latin Names* of the *Days* of the *Week*, and of three or four of the *famous Nine*: and to be able to call to one and say, here *Melp*, creep you into the shoe-hole and lye close there, till t'other *Girl* goes to *Breda* and fetch over the *King*: but there's good *Learning*, good *Judgment*, good *Converse* and good *Manners* too requir'd, which all the world know, you never took care of any further, than to be acquainted with the meer *Titles* of *Books*, and to make *Tertullian* to *Apologize*, *Origen* to *Allegorize*, *Chrysostom* to *Homilize*, and the like. Nor ever hadst thou

thou *Wit* sufficient to venture into any *Company* for which thou mightest be the *better*, but only to get into some *Farriers*, or some *soft yielding Gentleman's* house, and there to *quibble* over the *Birth* or *Death* of some *Child*. And as for thy acquaintance with *Cleveland* (of which thou art so very proud, that thou canst scarce meet a *Boy* in the street, but thou runnest him up in a *Corner*, and givest him the *Witty Adventures* of it) I understood his humour as well, as if I had *held upon my Knee the Frying Pan* for him or *run for Mustard*: and thereupon I know, that he never took thee abroad with him, for any *Archness* or *Pleasantness* that was to be had in *thy* company; but only, not certainly knowing *how* the *Countrey* might be provided for his purpose, he used to carry some *game* along with him that he might be always sure of *one fit* to be *abused*. And upon that account it was that he would permit thee sometimes to lye at his *Bed's feet*; that, if he should chance to wake

wake before the *Chamberlain* came up he might fall presently upon thee, and lose no time : and sometimes he would suffer thee to *ride behind him* upon the same *Horse* ; not that he admired thee, as an *ingenious Mistress*, but only that thou mightest be in a *constant Readiness* to be made *ridiculous*.

And as, by what I have now said, and by thy late *Essay* upon the *Declaration*, it is very plain that thou wantest the very first *Materials* and *Fundamentals* of being a *Wit* : so is it as plain from the whole *History* of thy *Poetry*, that thou didst *always* want them. For suppose one should be so overkind, as to suffer thee to Pick out the very *Master-pieces* of thy *Phanſie* ; such as the *Norfolk and Wisbich Cock-fight* : the *Bottles of Sack and Claret laid in Sand* and covered with a *sheet* : the *Imprisonment of Mr Calamy*, and the famous *Iter Boreale it self* : I can easily tell, how these possibly might please some people, without having the least grain of *Wit* in them. As for the *Cock-fighting*,

fighting; 'tis most tediously quibbling about *Peacocks, Weathercocks, Woodcocks* and *fighting Cocks*; and besides towards the latter end, most abominably *bandy*. As for that *Poem* upon the *buried Wine*; I shall say no more but this: 'tis most *villanously prophane* from top to bottom, with Expressions alluding to the *Grave* and *Resurrection*. I pray, Dr, do so much as look upon those *verses* at your leisure and see if your *tender, spotless and mealy mouth'd Nonconformity* can sanctifie such *Baudery* and *Prophaness*. As for the third, 'tis so ridiculous that I know nothing like it but the *song* of the *Black-smith* that *common Fiders* use to sing. For there you shew that *Mr. Calamy's* being put into *prison* by the *Bishop of London* was much more tolerable, than your being *imprison'd* by *Bishop Gout*. For the *Bishop of London* put him only into *Newgate*, and that lately: but the lordly and proud *Bishop Gout* had put you *twenty years ago*, not into *Newgate*, *Ludgate*, or *Aldersgate*, but into *Crip-plegate*,

legate. Oh the unsufferable *Pride* and *Lordliness* of some tyrannical *Prelates*? Besides this *Bishop Gout* makes your body his *Diocess*, and there he keeps *Courts*, and there he has a *Visitation* for every *Limb*; and urges every *Joint* to conform, and those that will not, he *articles* against. And when the *Gout* is in the *Hand*, then my *Lord Gout* has you in *Hand*, and when 'tis in your *Toes*, he has you by the *Toes*. And now, can you and your *Friends* think this *Wit*? don't you fear every day that you rise, that his *Majesty* should call in again his *Mandate*, and send for that same *Doctorship* he gave thee and bestow it upon some honest merry *Porter*? And lastly, as for thy famous *Iter Boreale* it self: I know it was much bought up, and read by many. But don't gull your self, *Dr.* for it was not because there was any good *Humour*, *Wit* or *Poetry* in it; but because any thing upon that Subject would have been admired, after such *sad* and *dismal* times. Nay, so it was that the very word

word *King* was amongst us so great a rarity, that he that could but get into a verse, *God save the King*, or the like, should be as much flock'd about, as if he were the Author of that famous Distich upon the *Louvre*.

And I must tell you besides, Dr, that though our *Nation* was wonderfully glad to hear of his *Majesty* being restor'd; yet such as could receive such *welcome News*, without losing their *Senses*, did at that very time, look upon all that *Poem* to be very *sad* and *lamentable*. So that the whole of the matter, Dr, is come to this: if you do stubbornly persist in the Opinion of your having *now*, or *ever* having any *VVit* at all; and that you do resolve to continue this vile Trade of *Rhiming*; then do it *decently* and *becomingly*: and lay aside your *Doctorship*, your *Gown*, your *Profession* and your *looking gravely*, and do you and your *Bodies-maker* set up under *St. Andrews Wall*, and there *practise* upon your own *Works*.

I should

I should now, Dr, say a word or two to your *Friends of the Toleration*: but I suppose it would be needless because by what I have already said to your self, they'll fully comprehend your Worth, and perceive how much they undervalue and disparage *Themselves*, by continuing any further acquaintance with *You*. And I hope they'll now see 'tis high time, not only to banish their *Houses* and *Company*, such a *bandy, profane, nasty* and *witles* *Scribler*, but not suffer thee ever to say so much again, as we *Nonconformists*. And, if any of them have a longing desire to see the *little Gridiron of England*, and the *huge Frying Pan of Rome* utterly thrown down, I hope also that they'll think it their *Concern* and *Interest*, not to trust to such a *Ballad-maker* as thy self, to take the *Beast* by the *Horns*. *Farewel.*

F I N I S.